

The Changing Premise

by China Martens

Is it true I'm that scary witch now? In a changing world, it's not just me changing. I'm scared of being persecuted for the powers I wish I had.

I always wish I looked better in photos. Like other photos I have seen. Dressing up I can transform. It's something I learned from my mother. That fairy dusts exists, purchased from display, hard to attain; or hand-made—within grasp or gift.

When we create, I see I am not alone. My worst: not the worst. My sorrow: not unknown. My differences claimed, safe to confide. We who walk on the edge—aging edge walkers—the shadows, the changing; still changing; category busting.

I want to keep exploring – everything. With every step, it's still the first. I don't always see myself, or like what I see. But I keep trying – to see more deeply, to try on different looks, for size.

I am a dragon, within a witch, within a vampire, within a child, within a star.

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